Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To ſinowy *Aiax*, I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a boord : a pale, a ſhore confines
This ſpacious and dilated parts, here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe,
But pardon father *Neſtor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?
Neſt. I my good Sonne.
Dio. Be ruld by him Lord *Aiax*.
Vliſſ. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, pleaſe it our great generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to Troy, To morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt,
And here's a Lord come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt
And cull their flower, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to counſell, let *Achilles* ſleepe,
Light boates ſaile ſwift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.
Enter Pandarus. (*Exeunt.*
Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the yong Lord *Paris*. *Man*. I ſir when he goes before mee.
Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.
Man. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.
Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I muſt needs praiſe him.
Man. The Lord be praized?
Pan. You know me ? doe you not?
Man. Faith ſir ſuperficially.
Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.
Man. I hope I ſhall know your honour better?
Pan. I do deſire it.
Man. You are in the ſtate of grace?
Pan. Grace ? not ſo friend, honour and Lordſhip are my titles, what muſicke is this?
Man. I do but partly know ſir, it is muſick in partes.

Pan.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?
Man. Wholy ſir. *Pan*. Who play they to?
Man. To the hearers ſir.
Pan. At whoſe pleaſure friend?
Man. At mine ſir, and theirs that loue muſicke.
Pan. Command I meane.
Man. Who ſhall I command ſir?
Pan. friend we vnderſtand not one another, I am too courtly and thou too cunning, at whoſe requeſt do theſe men play
Man. Thats to't indeed ſir? marry ſir, at the requeſt of Paris my Lord, who is there, in perſon, with him the mortal Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.
Pan. Who my cozen *Creſſida*.
Man. No ſir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes.
Pan. It ſhould ſeeme fellow thou haſt not ſeene the Lady *Creſſid* I come to ſpeake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troylus*. I will make a complemental aſſault vpon him for my buſineſſe ſeeth's.
Man. Sodden buſineſſe, theirs a ſtew'd phraſe indeed.
Enter Paris and Hellen.
Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company, faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairlie guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow.
Hel Dere Lord you are full of faire words:
Par. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweet Queene, Faire Prince here is good broken muſicke.
Par. You haue broke it cozen : and by my life, you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*. he is full of harmony.
Pan: Truely Lady no: *Hel*: O ſir:
Pan: Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.
Paris: Well ſaid my Lord, well, you ſay ſo in fits.
Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord deere Queene? my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.
Hel. Nay this ſhall not hedge vs out, weele here you ſing certainely:
Pan: Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with mee, but ma